

ADAMS'S SENTINEL.

ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Advertisements, \$1 per square for a week—25 ct. per s. for each cont.

"RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOCATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXTS."—Washington.

VOL. IX.

NO. 61.

POETRY.

LINES TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Bear up the standard! bear it high,
Until it flings against the sky—
The banner of the free.

Oh, let it there in splendor float,
To martial drum and bugle note,
That all the world may see!

And, gazing on its stripe and star,
Look for their freedom not afar,
But beaming in the east.

Ring forth the clarion's thrilling peal,
That every knight of heart and steel
May sit at Freedom's feast!

Flag of the free! flag of the free!
'Tis thine alone to claim the knee—
The homage of the brave.

The patriot will not deem it small
That, when he fell, such funeral pall
Should fold him in his grave.

In many a fight of bloody field,
Whoever saw that standard yield?
Its bright star fade away?

Forever through the dir and smoke,
Like meteor, or the foe it broke—
The lightning on its way!

Nailed to the mast head, too, it flies,
Like eagle, to its homeward skies—
Despairing to aught.

Flag of my country! proudly still
O'er every mountain-wave and hill
Preserve thy glorious flight!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Early Life of Washington.

We extract a single passage relating to WASHINGTON, from an oration recently delivered at Beverly, in Massachusetts, by EDWARD EVERETT. Those who have witnessed the felicitous style in which Mr. Everett addresses an audience, may feel the thrill which it may be supposed the delivery of this paragraph produced.

Nat. Int.

"Time would fail me to recount the horrors of the ninth of July, 1755."

WASHINGTON—emaciated—reduced by fatigue and fever—had joined the army. He implored the ill-starred General to send forward the Virginia Rangers to

scout the forest in advance; he besought him to conciliate the Indians. His counsels were unheeded; the wretched commander moved forward to his fate.

Washington was often heard to say, in the course of his lifetime, that the most beautiful spectacle he had ever witnessed was that of the British troops, on this eventful morning.

The whole detachment was clad in uniform, and moved as

in a review, in regular columns, to the sound of martial music.

The sun gleamed

upon their burnished arms, the placid

Monongahela flowed upon their right, &

the deep native forest overshadowed them with solemn grandeur, on their left. It

was a bright mid-summer's day, and every bosom swelled with the confident expec-

tation of victory. A few hours pass,

and the forest rings with the yell of the

savage enemy; the advance of the British

army under Col. Gage, afterwards

the Governor of Massachusetts, is driven

back on the main body; the whole force,

panic-struck, confounded and disorganized,

after a wild and murderous conflict

of three hours, falls a prey to the invisible

foe! They ran before the French and In-

ians "like sheep before the dogs."

Of eighty-six officers, sixty-one were killed

and wounded. The wretched General

had four horses shot under him, and re-

ceived at last his mortal wound, probably

from an outraged provincial in his own

army. The Virginia Rangers were the

only part of the force that behaved with

firmness; and the disorderly retreat of the

British veterans was actually covered by

the American militia-men. Washington

was the guardian angel of the day. He

was every where in the hottest of the

fight. "I expected every moment," said

Dr. Craik, his friend, "to see him fall."

His voice was the only one which com-

manded obedience. The rebels were

killed under him, and four bullets passed

through his garments! No common for-

tune preserved his life. Fifteen years

after the battle, Washington made a jour-

ney to the Great Kewhaw, accompanied

by Dr. Craik. While exploring the wil-

derness, a band of Indians approached

them, headed by a venerable chief. He

told them, by an interpreter, the errand

on which he came. "I come," said he,

"to behold my great father Washington.

I have come to pay to see him. I

was with the French in the battle of the

Mopongabola. I saw my great Father

on horseback, in the hottest of the battle.

I fired my rifle at him many times, and

I bade my young men also fire their rifles

at him. But the Great Spirit turned away

the bullets; and I saw that my great Fa-

ther could not be killed in battle." This

anecdote rests on the authority of Doctor

Craik, the comrade and friend of Wash-

ington, the physician who closed his eyes.

Who needs doubt it? Six balls took ef-

fect on his horses and in his garments.

Who does not feel the substantial truth

of this tradition? Who, that has a spark

of patriotic or pious sentiment in his bos-

om, but feels an inward assurance that a

heroic and glorious death is destined to

him? Who, that has a

field of blood, and preserved the great in-

significance of future mercies? Yes, gal-

lant and beloved youth, ride safely as

fearlessly through that shower of death!

They are not destined to fall in the mor-

ning of life, in this distant wilderness!

That wan and wasted countenance shall

yet be lighted up with the sunshine of

victory and peace! The days are com-

ing and the years draw nigh, when thy

heart, now bleeding for thy afflicted

country, shall swell with joy, as thou

leaste forth her triumphant hosts, from a

War of Independence!"

Judea.—M. Chateaubriand remarks that when you travel in Judea, the heart is at first filled with a profound melancholy. But when passing from solitude to solitude, a boundless space opens before you, this feeling wears off by degrees, and you experience a secret awe, that so far from depressing the soul, imparts life and elevates the genius. Extraordinary appearances every where proclaim a land teeming with miracles. The burning sun, the towering eagle, the barren fig tree, all the pictures of scripture are here. Every name commences a mystery; every grove announces a prediction; every hill re-echoes the accent of a prophet. God himself has spoken in these regions, dried up rivers, rent the rocks and opened the grave.—

The desert still appears mute with terror; and you would imagine that it had never presumed to interrupt the silence since it heard the awful voice of the Eternal.

Dining in a Storm at Sea.—The table itself screwed down is first prepared by laying along it two sand bags, which run its entire length. Between these are placed several smaller bags, like the rungs between the sides of a ladder, and in the spaces thus formed are deposited the dishes. You then take your seat at the table, holding on as well as you can. When all is ready, the servant brings your plate, and knife and fork, and you eat, holding on at each roll, and taking a cut and a bite in the intervals. Despite of all these precautions, however, you sometimes find dishes change places, as if by magic. A gentleman above me was taken all aback, and suddenly found himself sprawling on the deck with a lady, one tureen of soup, one ditto of pie-sauce, two small children, a beef-steak pie, and a crist stand, all piled a moment over him.

A Real Odd Irish 'Squire.—Of all the beings that ever lived Mr. Taherty was the most forgetful. If ever man should have emigrated to Laputa, it was he. It would take a volume to record his oblivions; a few fragments must suffice:—He mortally hated reading and writing; but being like most of his neighbors, a little in law, or as they call it there expressly, "clawber," he had once a letter to write by a certain day, which could not be dispensed with. This grieved him put off until he was too late for the post, and sweet Liddy, who could best manage him on such occasions, had to sit down by him until he had performed the feat. As the mail passed his gate, he went down to give it to the guard, but could not make them hear him, so he mounted his mare, and set off after the coach. This he caught after about sixteen Irish miles hard ridig; and as soon as he saw it he commenced, "Halloo! boy! stop the mail—stop the mail—here—here, guard my boy, here's a half-crown for you—put the litter in the two pinny post in Dublin, or never luk me in the face again." "My service to your honor," bowed the guard, fobbing the coin; "but the litter if you please." The "Ould Crack," meanwhile had been rumaging his pockets. "The litter! the litter! eh, eh, eh—Och! I'm the unluckiest villain that God yet liveth—the litter! Divil burn it, I must have lift it on the chimney piece!"—*Sporting Mag.*

"Landlord," said a wayfaring Paddy, who was travelling from one section to another of the canal, a few days since, in search of employment.—Landlord, and what do you charge for a warm breakfast for two?

"Fifty cents."

"And what do we git, then?"

"Coffee, chickens, beef-steak and onions."

"And what'll ye charge for a cowld one?"

"A levya piece."

"And what do you give for that?"

"Why cold eggs, meat and potatoes."

"Well, give us a cold one."

The cold breakfast was provided, and Paddy and his companion commenced paying a tax which had been due to their stomachs for twenty-four hours. One of them seized an egg, and on breaking the shell, discovered a little chick, as well cooked as could be wished. "Down with it, quick ye devil ye," exclaimed his companion, "before the landlord comes in, or he'll charge ye for a chicken's breakfast."

A pretty considerable Head-ache.—A jolly son of Bacchus, who wears a nose like a handfull of ripe strawberries, and resides within a hundred miles of Matlock, Bath, after having sacrificed at the shrine of the rosy god, thus described his sensations the ensuing morning: "Talk of a head-ache! my head aches all over, and down to my chin. Every hair of my head aches! and pulling out half a dozen! I can feel these aches while I hold them in my hand."

Apothegms.—As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

THE HEIRESS.

A sprightly, rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired little girl used to sit, in the pleasant evenings of June, on the marble steps opposite my lodging, when I lived in Philadelphia, and sing over a hundred little sonnets, and tell over as many tales, in a sweet voice, and with an air of simplicity that charmed me many a time.

She was then an orphan child, and commonly reported to be rich. Often and often I sat after a day of toil and vexation, and listened to her innocent voice, breathing forth the notes of peace and happiness, which flowed cheerfully from a light heart, and felt a portion of that tranquillity steal over my own bosom. Such was Eliza Hadley when I first knew her.

Several years had elapsed, during which time I had been absent from the city, when walking along one of the most fashionable squares, I saw an elegant female step into a carriage, followed by a gentleman and two pretty little children. I did not immediately recognize her face, but my friend who was by my side, pulled my elbow: "Do you not remember little Eliza, who used to sing for us, when we lived together in this city?" I did remember—it was herself.

She used to be fond of treating her little circle of friends with romance—and at last she acted out a neat romance herself. She came out into the circles of life under the auspices of her guardians—it was said by some that she was rich—very rich, but the amount of her wealth was not a matter of publicity; however, the current, and, as was generally believed, well founded report was sufficient to draw around her many admirers; and among the number, not a few serious courters.

She did not wait long before a young gentleman on whom she had looked with a somewhat partial eye, because he was the gayest and handsomest of her lovers, emboldened by the partiality, made her an offer. Probably she blushed, and her heart fluttered a little, but they were sitting in a moonlight parlor, and as her embarrassment was more than half concealed, she soon recovered, and as a waggish humor happened to have the ascendancy, she put on a serious face, told him she was honored by the preference, but that there was one matter which she wished well understood; before giving a reply, she bound him to his promise: Perhaps, you may have thought me

wise:—He mortally hated reading and writing; but being like most of his neighbors, a little in law, or as they call it there expressly, "clawber," he had once a letter to write by a certain day, which could not be dispensed with. This grieved him put off until he was too late for the post, and sweet Liddy, who could best manage him on such occasions, had to sit down by him until he had performed the feat. As the mail passed his gate, he went down to give it to the guard, but could not make them hear him, so he mounted his mare, and set off after the coach. This he caught after about sixteen Irish miles hard ridig; and as soon as he saw it he commenced, "Halloo! boy! stop the mail—stop the mail—here—here, guard my boy, here's a half-crown for you—put the litter in the two pinny post in Dublin, or never luk me in the face again." "My service to your honor," bowed the guard, fobbing the coin; "but the litter if you please." The "Ould Crack," meanwhile had been rumaging his pockets. "The litter! the litter! eh, eh, eh—Och! I'm the unluckiest villain that God yet liveth—the litter! Divil burn it, I must have lift it on the chimney piece!"—*Sporting Mag.*

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THE ADAMS SENTINEL AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Last Issues of
JOHN RANDOLPH.

The subjoined deposition of Dr. PAR-
RISH, of Philadelphia, read before the
General Court of Virginia, in the case of
Mr. Randolph's will, was excited a very

general interest. We are enabled, by
the Richmond Compiler, to lay a copy
of it before our readers.

JOSEPH PARRISH, of the city of Phil-
adelphia, doctor of medicine, aged fifty-
five years or thereabouts, being deposed,
affirmed and examined on behalf of Wil-
liam Meade, named in the annexed com-
mission, deposed as follows: That be-
ing legally required to make a deposition
relative to John Randolph, of Roanoke,
I hereby state my recollection of such
incidents as I consider calculated to show
the state of his mind during the period of
my medical attendance.

JOHN RANDOLPH died under my medi-
cal care on the morning of the fifth
month (May) 21, eighteen hundred and
thirty three, at one quarter before 12 o'-
clock. He breathed his last in a cham-
ber of the City Hotel, No. 41, North
Third street. I was present at his de-
parture, closed his eyes, and placed his
limbs in a decent position. I was called
to visit him, on the 20th of said
month, by Edward Badger, one of the
proprietors of the City Hotel. It was a
stormy night—the patient had arrived
that afternoon in the steamboat from Bal-
timore. He was bound for Europe, and
had been disappointed in getting on board
the packet. He soon informed me he was
reunited with me by character. "I
know you through Giles"—alluding, I pre-
sume, to William B. Giles, late Governor
of Virginia, respecting whose case I
was repeatedly consulted. The patient
appeared much disturbed, on account of
some difficulties he had encountered af-
ter leaving the steamboat. It was evi-
dent he was extremely ill; his debility
was such, that it was with great difficult-
y he could expectorate, which caused
much distress in respiration. He ap-
peared fully aware of his danger, told
me he had attended several courses of
lectures on anatomy, described his symp-
toms with medical accuracy, declaring he
was die if he could not discharge the
perfunctory matter. On inquiring how
long he had been sick, he replied
"Don't ask me that question; I have
been sick all my life." He soon told,
however, that he had been affected for
three years with his present disease,
which had been greatly aggravated by
his voyage to Russia—"that had killed
him." On feeling his pulse, he said,
"You can form no judgment by my
pulse, it is so peculiar." I soon per-
ceived that to manage the case before me
would be like steering between Scylla
and Charybdis; and concluded to proceed
by cautious soundings, rather than ad-
vance under full sail.

I told him he had been so long invalid,
he must have acquired an accurate
knowledge of the general course of prac-
tice adapted to his case. He replied,
"Certainly, at forty a fool or a physician,
you know." I remarked there were id-
iosyncrasies in many constitutions, and
wished to ascertain what was peculiar
about him. He said, I have been an idio-
syncrat in all my life. This appeared
a most true and correct view of the
subject, although the querist did not con-
sider it necessary to give a concurring
reply. He informed me that all the
preparations of camphor invariably injured
him, and, as to ether, "it would blow
me up." Not so of opium and its pre-
parations; for I soon discovered he was
accustomed to the free use of this drug
in some form or other. On one occa-
sion he told me that he either did or could
(I am not clear as to the words did or
could) take opium like a Turk; but I
certainly received from him the impres-
sion, that he was in the habitual use of
opium in some shape or other. His con-
versation was curiously diversified, and
he complained with no small asperity of
the difficulties he encountered after leav-
ing the steamboat. He was put into a
wretched hack—the glass of the carriage
was broken—he had been obliged to go
from one hotel to the other in search of
lodging, exposed to the pelting of the
storms, and every thing was in a state of
discomfort. He soon introduced the
subject of the Quakers, complimenting
them in a familiar manner, for neatness,
economy, order, and merit in every thing,
right in every thing except politics,
there, always twistical." But, I re-
tired, he repeated a portion of the history
of the Episcopal Church, with apparent
serior. The following morning he sent
for me early; I was called from bed.—
He apologized handsomely for disturbing
me; and from this period we appeared
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ence in sick chambers and death-beds, I
may say I never met with a character so
perfectly original and unique. He might
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convinced me, that, in the midst of his
extreme constitutional irritability, petu-
lance, impatience, and sarcasm, there
were some noble traits of character. A
among these, was a keen sense of propri-
ety. And when this was greatly appeal-
ed to, there was a disposition to be con-
vinced, and acknowledge indiscretions.

On more than one occasion, it seemed
proper for the patient to understand, that
while his physician felt every disposi-
tion to treat him with kindness and respect,
he was not inconsiderate to what was
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you—and he will bless you." It seems
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The slightest deviation from his stand-
ard of propriety must be met and cor-
rected. In the application of words to
convey ideas, he was extremely exact.
He once remarked to me, that though
the French was a vile language, yet it
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treaties and public documents, because
every word was in its exact place—no
double meaning—there it stands." The
night preceding his death, I passed about
two hours in his chamber. He told me
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pelled to go to bed. A most attentive
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read it. It was headed "Cherokee." In
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"omnipotence." I gave it the full sound
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them in a familiar manner, for neatness,
economy, order, and merit in every thing,
right in every thing except politics,
there, always twistical." But, I re-
tired, he repeated a portion of the history
of the Episcopal Church, with apparent
serior. The following morning he sent
for me early; I was called from bed.—
He apologized handsomely for disturbing
me; and from this period we appeared
mutually to enter into our new ac-
quaintance in the capacity of patient and
physician. After considerable experi-
ence in sick chambers and death-beds, I
may say I never met with a character so
perfectly original and unique. He might
sometimes be compared to a spoiled and
frivolous child; but a little observation
convinced me, that, in the midst of his
extreme constitutional irritability, petu-
lance, impatience, and sarcasm, there
were some noble traits of character. A
among these, was a keen sense of propri-
ety. And when this was greatly appeal-
ed to, there was a disposition to be con-
vinced, and acknowledge indiscretions.

On more than one occasion, it seemed
proper for the patient to understand, that
while his physician felt every disposi-
tion to treat him with kindness and respect,
he was not inconsiderate to what was
due to himself. On one occasion when I
proposed something for his relief, he
positively and positively refused com-
pliance. I paused, and addressed a few
words to him. His good sense predom-
inated; he apologized, and was as sub-
missive as an infant. One evening I pro-
posed a medical consultation, leaving the
choice to himself. With an assurance

titrated him for a moment. It may show
the situation of his mind when I state that
in the moment of excitement to which I
have referred, he said, "if you do go, you
need not return." I appealed to him as
to the propriety of such an order, inas-
much as I was only desirous of discharg-
ing my duty towards another patient
who might stand in need of assistance.—
His manner instantly changed, and he
said, "I retract that expression,"—and,
probably a quarter of an hour afterwards,
casting on me an expressive look, he a-
gain said, "I retract that expression." I
told him I thought I understood him dis-
tinctly on the subject he had communica-
ted, and I presumed the Will would ex-
plain itself fully. He replied in his pec-
uliar way, "No you don't understand it;
I know you don't. Our laws are ex-
tremely particular on the subject of slave-
s; a will may manumit them, but provision
for their subsequent support requires that
a declaration be made in the presence of
a white witness; and it is requisite that
the witness, after hearing the declaration,
should continue with the party and never
lose sight of him until he is gone or dead.
You are a good witness for John—you
see the propriety and importance of your
remaining with me—your patients must
make allowances for your situation?" I
saw and felt the force of this appeal.—
The interest of the scene increased every
moment. I was now locked in a cham-
ber with a dying statesman of no common
order—one whose commanding talents
and elevated political station, combined
with great eccentricity of character, had
spread his fame not only through his na-
tive land but over Europe. He then said,
"John told me this morning, 'master, you
are dying.' I made no attempt to con-
ceal my views. On the contrary, I as-
sured him I would speak to him with entire
candour on the occasion, and told him it had
been rather a subject of en-
prise than of manumission; and he directed John to place his hat on
over the blanket, which aided in keeping
it close to his head. The hat bore evi-
dents of age, and was probably the one
exposed to the pelting of the storm
during his discomfort on the day of his
arrival. With a countenance full of sorrow,
John stood close to the bedside of his
dying master. The witnesses were now sent
for, and soon arrived. The dying man
was propped up in bed, with pillows,
nearly erect. Those only who knew his
form and singular physiognomy, can form
an idea of his appearance at this moment.
Being extremely sensitive to cold, he had
a blanket over his head and shoulders; and he directed John to place his hat on
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THE ADAMS SENTINEL AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

and thus relinquished all right to action in said convention.

4th. The Convention had no right to dissolve before the claims of the disputed delegates were settled, and every county and senatorial district had its full and fair representation, unless by a majority of a full delegation, which was not the case, there being only 64 members in convention, instead of 133, and the vote for dissolution being but 51 instead of 67.

Resolved. That although in the commencement, some of us were opposed to the public improvements, yet since by the energy and perseverance of GEORGE WOLF, they have been completed, and become at once, the boast and glory of the State, yielding a revenue which authorizes us to look for speedy liquidation of the State debts, we therefore now yield our hearty assent to this matchless enterprise, and will use all fair means to remove any impressions unfavorable to the re-election of Gov. WOLF on this ground.

Resolved. That we highly approve of the zeal and perseverance which actuated our chief magistrate, in his efforts in behalf of a system of general education. The law being such that it is wholly a matter of choice with every township or borough, whether they adopt or reject it.

Resolved. That we recommend to the citizens of Adams county, favorable to the election of George Wolf, to meet in their respective districts and townships, on Saturday the 22d inst., to elect Delegates to meet at Gettysburg on the 24th inst., to settle a county ticket.

On motion, resolved that a committee of five be appointed to address the citizens of Adams county, relative to the ensuing election, whereupon

Col. Wm. N. Irvine, Samuel R. Russell, Esq. Wm. J. Seabrooks, Dr. A. Thompson, and D. Gilbert, were appointed.

On motion, Resolved that the following persons be the Corresponding Committee for Adams county:—Jacob Kellet, Esq. Gabriel Meals, Wm. J. Seabrooks, Jacob Long, Sam'l Blake, Esq. Anderson Ewing, Esq. Harvey D. Waites, Jacob Culp, David Ziegler, James Clark, Esq. Joseph Kepner, John Krebs, Job Dicks.

Resolved. That the proceedings of this meeting be published in all the papers of the county.

SAMUEL BLAKE, President.
Job Dicks, Vice President.
John McGinley, Secretary.
D. Gilbert, Secretary.

COMMUNICATED.

Bible Society.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Adams County Bible Society, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved. That a Depository be established at the Store of Dickey & Himes, Gettysburg.

Resolved. That the County of Adams be divided agreeably to the several existing Townships; and that each Township shall constitute one District, and the Borough of Gettysburg one District, for the operations of the Society.

Resolved. That the following persons be appointed Visitors, to wit:

Borough— Dr. D. Gilbert, Wm. W. Paxton, T. Dickey, D. Eckert.

Cumberland— Geo. Tröstle, Eli Horner, Geo. Guinn.

Mountjoy— John Wilson, Robert Allison, Peter Frey.

Germany— Geo. Will, Esq. John M. Ivaine, David Schriner.

Mountpleasant— John Ewing, John Baldwin, John Miller.

Conowago— Henry Herring, Alex'r Ewing, John Hostetter.

Berwick— Jacob Fahnestock, sen. J. Barnitz, Henry Gitt.

Reading— Moses Neely, David White, John Brough.

Hamilton— Wm. Patterson, Joseph Miller, Isaac Treat.

Huntington— Wm. Brandon, Jacob Gardner, sen. Daniel Funk.

Latimore— Geo. Robinet, George Deardorff, John Welford.

Tyrone— Henry Myers, John Neely, L. Marsden.

Menallen— Adam Walter (of J.) James Majors, Henry Coser.

Strabane— Peter Hulick, Peter Eyster, Stephen Wible.

Franklin— Jacob Cover, Daniel Micksey, James Russell.

Hamiltonian— James Moore, Wm. Seabrooks, Jacob Weldy.

Liberty— Rev. R. S. Grier, David Sheetz, Nathaniel Randolph.

Resolved. That the Visitors be requested to enter upon their duties without delay, to ascertain the wants of their districts, invite the co-operation of their fellow-citizens as regular members, and contributors to the funds of the Society.

Resolved. That the Visitors be requested to report to the Chairman of the Executive Committee, on or before the 1st day of October next.

Circulars will be addressed, during the coming week, to the several gentlemen appointed, detailing more particularly the plan of operation recommended.

S. S. SCHMUCKER, Chair'n.

T. Dickey, Sec'y.

MARRIED.

On Thursday last, by the Rev. F. Ruthrauff, Mr. David Keckler, of Menallen township, to Miss Jane Brady, of Franklin township.

On the same morning, by the Rev. James C. Watson, Mr. James Dickey, to Miss Mary McCurdy—both of this borough.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. D. Gottwald, Mr. Christian Humeback, to Miss Catharine Pfeiffer—both of Huntington township.

DIED.

On Monday last, in Oxford, Adams county, Mrs. Anna MARGARETTE Hersh, wife of Mr. John Hersh, sen, in the 81st year of her age.

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